

366

A N

O D E

WRITTEN BY THE

KING of *PRUSSIA.*

[Price Six-Pence.]

Handwritten text, possibly "L. 1000"



KING

A N
O D E,

Friedrich II

WRITTEN BY THE

KING of *PRUSSIA*

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE

V I C T O R Y

Which he gained over the

Combined Armies of *FRANCE*

AND THE

EMPIRE at *ROSBACH*;

Which was set to Music, and performed, in the Queen of *Prussia's*
Apartment at *Berlin*, the fifth Day of last Month.

TRANSLATED

From the *Berlin* Edition, with the Original *French*, on the op-
posite Pages.

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MDCCLVIII.

O

D

E

PAR LE

R O Y de P R U S S E.



H Dieu! tres puissant Dieu!

Invisible, Inconnû,

Createur, Pere de tout!

Que chaque Nation implore,

Que le Barbare dans le Vent adore,

Par quelque Nom il vous plaira,

Que J'appelle, ou Infini,

Tout Sage, ou 'eternel Esprit,

Au piez de votre Trone Sacré je baïsse ma Tete
tres bas.

Renoncirent

[A N]
O D E

WRITTEN BY THE
KING of PRUSSIA



H Thou on whom the Nations call,
Father, and Lord of all,
Uncreated, Undefin'd,
Whom the rude *Indian* worships in the Wind,
By whatsoever Name
Thou would'st be term'd, Immaculate!
Supreme!
Omniscient, Infinite, Eternal Mind!
In thankful Gratitude before thy Throne I fall.

Renoncè par mes seuls Amis,

Dans un estrange Païs,

Où l'Hiver nous fait perir :

L'Enemi sur tous Cotez en rage,

Avec leurs Instrumens savages,

Le Fer, et le Feu consumant

Comme les Sacrificateurs,

Viennent, avec le funèbre Ardeur,

Et se depechent me detruire avec les cris de

Triomphans.

Mais,

II.

Deserted by my sole Allies,
Beneath inclement Skies,
And in a foreign Land,
With Foes encompass'd upon ev'ry Hand,
Who, with their Agents dire,
Depopulating Sword, consuming Fire,
Like Sacrificers with the Funeral Brand,
Impatient to destroy me, haste with Victors
Cries.

But,

III.

Mais, dans votre Veüe penetrante,
Que vain Sont Troupes puissantes!
Intrepide donc le Combat j'ose,
Mon Bouclier, et m^a Lance, ma Cause.
Et voilà ! leurs Corps racourcissent,
Ils tournent le Dos, suivons, Puni !
Victoir ! Chaque de mes Soldats
Semble porter de la guerre
La plus horrible Tonnere
Et chaque Bras est Mille, dans le Fureur du
Combat.

A la

III,

But, in thy clear impartial Sight,

How vain, is human Might!

Dauntless I dare the Field,

Arm'd with my Cause, at one both Spear and
Shield.

And lo! their Troops give Way,

They shrink, they fly, pursue! we win the Day

Each Soldier seems the Bolt of Jove to wield

And ev'ry single Arm's a Thousand strong in

Fight.

IV.

Donc le Succès je dois,
 A La Fortune! Pourquoi?
 La Justice secouroit moi.
 De haut elle jettoit ses Yeux,
 Et quand elle avoit appercû,
 Les contendans Partis,
 Elle levoit sa Main peser,
 Le Droit de chaque Coté,
 Et, comme elle trovoit la Ballance, elle em-
 ployoit l' Epée.

IV.

To Fortune then due Praise Accord,
Fortune! was that my Word?
Rather to Justice let me say,
Justice to whom we owe the glorious Day.

She, from her lofty Throne,
On the contending Multitudes look'd down.
Then rais'd her Arm each Party's Right to
Weigh,
And, as she found her Scales, so she employ'd
her Sword.

E I N I S.

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